WEEKLY VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

No. 31] SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1805. [WHOLE No. 135

THE TRIUMPH OF NATURE.

OR,

THE ADVENTURE OF A *JOURNEY.*

Concluded from page 235.

THE fate of these two unfortunate lovers afforded me ample room for reflection. I revolved in my mind the variety of human prejudices, that for ages past seem to have been formed and cherished, to combat the laws of nature, and to destroy as far as their baneful influences reach, the noblest sources of human felicity.

My prayers rose with a generous fervor to heaven, that the inhuman father of such an excellent daughter might at length see the folly of his conduct, and permit nature to resume her violated rights. In the midst of these reflections I insensibly fell asleep. I was not, however, permitted to enjoy long that refreshment, which the fatigues of my journey so much required. On a sudden, I was waked by a discordant and plaintive noise, which issued from the next chamber, in which were the unfortunate lovers, whose adventure had so deeply interested me. I flew thither. What a dreadful and affecting scene! A man inflamed with rage, whom I perceived to be the father of this young woman, was attempting to drag her away by force. Her lover restrained him with a vigorous arm, cautious at the same time, not to hurt him: By turns, he intreated and resisted: he appeared at once the tutelar god of his weeping wife, and the suppliant and submissive son. Every one in the house hastened to the spot. The attendants of the furious father endeavored to master the young man; while the other spectators took his part. An exempt, however, interfering, and proclaiming his formidable power, the unhappy husband and his generous defenders, were compelled to give up the contest.

The two lovers were separated by force. I saw them fall from the height of desperation into the stupid silence of grief. They seemed, as it were, to be annihilated, and like victims that were to be led to punishment.

I perceived the new-born child half wakened by the tumults, and struggling in its cradle. An extraordinary impulse inspired me. On a sudden I took this child in my arms, and presenting it to the inflexible father, Sir, said I, with a firm voice, this child has need of a father. It is your blood that palpitates in his little heart; and this heart must one day bless the man who fostered it in its infant years, or detest the memory of him who could forsake it. Behold this child in whom you ought to live again, and whose voice will one day proclaim your honor or your reproach. See this innocent whom your cruelty would deprive of all. Could you bear that he should curse you? Your daughter's crime has been in yielding to the impulse of a passion that has more than once mastered you. She has brought into the world, without your consent, a son, who himself, at least cannot be guilty in your sight, If she has failed in her duty to you, you may yet adduce good from evil, by acknowledging this son, and enjoying one day the exquisite satisfaction of being beloved and revered by him. And shall cruel prejudices in favor of wealth, induce you to sacrifice the dearest objects in the world? As to this young man, he loves, and is beloved: he offers you a virtuous hand. What riches do you require? Ah! Sir! the smile of this child (confess it) has more charms and more value than a gloomy heap of gold. His mother is your daughter; and it is a new heart that you acquire. What other title ought the father of this child to bear than that of her husband? He merits it; for he has fulfilled its duties. Admire his courage, and that susceptible and noble soul that loves you in spite of all your rigor.

This father, still more struck at the sight of the child than with my address to him, contemplated this unexpected object, motionless and silent. Whether it were the effect of the moment, or a

lucky chance, he looked at his grandfather with that earnestness and sweetness with which he was wont to delight his mother. He even offered him, smiling, his two little innocent hands. At this auspicious moment I ventured to put the little mediator into his arms: This I cried, is his asylum: It is the bosom of nature: He shall not leave it. That heart cannot be insensible to his smiles; It cannot reject him.—

The grandfather's countenance began already to betray the emotions of his heart. He attempted in vain to disguise them. In this first agitation of his soul, he could not refrain from drawing the child to his face, and kissing him. The afflicted mother attentive to every motion, seized the happy instant, threw herself at his feet, and with one hand supporting her child, and pressing him against her father's face, with the other she took his hand, and bedewed it with tears. The young man though at some distance, dropped upon one knee; and I, with tears in my eyes and extended arms, was exciting the father, already moved, to tenderness and commisseration. He bore one hand to his eyes, to wipe away a tear; and, after a long pause, which presaged some great event, on a sudden he said, Thou hast subdued me, my daughter: I did not expect this thunder stroke: It comes from heaven, which ordains every event. May it be blessed for ever! Rise—my anger is no more. I forgive thee: I perceive my tears mingling with thine. This child — — Ah! leave me: thou hast affected me too much. Take thy son: henceforth he shall be mine. Love me both.—He kissed the child with transport, and restored him to his mother. The young man then ventured to advance; He took his hand, and kissed it with a respectful air. The father wept again, and welcomed him as his son. All the witnesses of this affecting scene felt the varying emotions of surprise, and tenderness, and joy.

Love and gratitude were never before evinced by more lively and more affecting expressions. In proportion as rage had been predominant before, was the triumph of nature now more exquisitely charming. And thus the innocent gesture of an infant disarmed the rage of an irritated man, whom no other could have subdued. O! nature! thought I, we must resort to thee to be susceptible, to be humane, to be happy!—The father could not satiate his eyes with the sight of this beloved child: he carressed, and caressed him again. The delighted mother enjoyed the scene: she wiped away her tears, but they were tears of unutterable joy.

The young man embraced me, and incapable of finding words to thank me, he looked the grateful, the all-expressive language of silence. And, I exulting in the victory of nature, proceeded on my journey; leaving the now happy family to all the pleasures of reconciliation, and to the exhilerating prospect of many years of tranquility and joy.

LINDLEY MURRAY, Esq.

The celebrity which Mr. Murray, has attained in the Literary world, would be a sufficient apology if any were necessary, for devoting our columns to the following sketch of his life. It is taken from the Edinburg Magazine, and from its accuracy, will be gratifying to his countrymen.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

LINDLEY MURRAY, Esq.

THIS gentleman's literary character, the extensive circulation of his works, and his solicitude for the guarded education and happiness of young persons, will doubtless render some traits of his history interesting to the public; especially to those who have derived benefit from his writings.

Mr. Murray is a native of Pennsylvania; he was born in the year 1745. His parents were persons of respectable character, who were solicitous to endue his mind with pious and virtuous principles. He was carefully and regularly educated, and made a rapid progress in learning. His father, who removed to New-York, and was a distinguished merchant there, placed him at the age of fifteen in his counting house, intending to form him to mercantile business. But this employment not agreeing with young Murray's taste for reading and desire of improving his mind, he solicited permission to study medicine or law. His father, perceiving his strong bent towards learning, procured for him a private tutor, a person of erudition and respectability; under whose care and direction he closely applied to the liberal studies, and gratifying himself in his favorite pursuits. At the age of nineteen he commenced the study of law under the auspices of a gentleman eminent in his profession; and he had the happiness of having for his fellow student, Mr. Jay, late plenipotentiary to our court. At the expiration of four years, Mr. Murray was admitted to the bar, and received a license to practise, both as counsel and attorney in all the courts of the state of New-York. In this profession he continued with increasing reputation and success, till the troubles in America interrupted all business of this nature. He then removed from New-York, and spent some time in the country. But impatient of an inactive life, and desirous of improving his fortune, he returned to the city, and engaged in the mercantile line. By his diligence, abilities, and respectable connexions, he acquired, in the course of a few years, a very handsome competency he then concluded to retire from business, and made a correspondent arrangement of his affairs.

He purchased a beautiful country residence, a few miles from the city of New-York, where he hoped to enjoy much pleasure in rural occupation, and in the social intercourse of a wide circle of relations and friends. But these pleasing prospects soon disappeared; for not long after his determination to retire, he was arrested by the hands of sickness. The fever with which he was afflicted left a great weakness in his limbs, and his health and strength became so much impaired as to induce him by the advice of his physicians and friends, to try the air and climate of England.

In the year 1785, he came to this country, and in a short time found himself considerably relieved in the general state of his health, but not to that degree as to render it prudent for him to return to America. He settled in Yorkshire, and purchased a house pleasantly situated about a mile from York, where he continues to reside. The weakness of his limbs gradually increased, so that for some years he has found himself incapable of walking more than a few steps in the course of the day, without great inconvenience. He is, however able to ride in his carriage an hour or two every day, and in summer

he is frequently drawn about his garden in a chair conveniently made for the purpose. To a person distinguished as Mr Murray had been for health, strength and agility, this confinement must have been at first a heavy misfortune. At present no one would suppose him to be under the influence of affliction—Time and reflection seem to have perfectly reconciled him to his situation.

Deprived of the usual occupations and amusements of life, and of the common occasions of doing good to others, he has very happily and generously turned his attention to compose literary works, for the benefit chiefly of the rising generation. In this benevolent employ he has found great satisfaction, and met with uncommon success. His English Grammar, with the exercises and the key, has been much approved by the public, and adopted in most of the principal seminaries in England. It has passed through many large editions in this country, and been frequently reprinted in Ireland and America.

The merit of this work, and the high character given of it in the different reviews, induced his booksellers to offer him a very considerable sum for the copy right, which he thought proper to accept. The copy right of his introduction to the English Reader, the English Reader itself, and the Sequel to that work together with the abridgement of the Grammar, (all of which have been much commended for their chaste and judicious execution (were disposed of for very liberal prices.—

Mr. Murray's latest work is, La Lecteur Francoise, a book on the plan of the English reader. It has already received some very favorable and respectable public as well as private testimonies and it bids fair to enhance Mr. Murray's reputation as a writer, who is solicitous to improve the taste and understanding, and to form the heart of his young readers. The copy-right of this work also has been disposed of very advantageously. But this gentleman's views in writing are not mercenary. Having began his literary career from disinterested motives, he has constantly devoted all the profits of his works to charitable purposes—to the benefit of institutions for the relief of the poor and distressed; to assist the needy in procuring education for their children, and to render more comfortable those who are in straitened circumstances. The work which Mr. Murray first published, and which appears to afford him peculiar satisfaction, is "The power of Religion on the mind, in retirement, affliction, and the approach of death."

Having been himself struck and edified with the sentiments expressed by a variety of characters, at the most solemn period of life, he naturally thought that others would receive similar impressions from perusing a collection of such testimonies. Animated by his expectations, he formed the compilation and interspersed it with many occasional observations and reflections of his own. The book has passed through eleven editions. The first impression was made wholly at Mr. Murray's own expense, and given away, chiefly in the neighborhood of his own residence. Perceiving that the work met with approbation, he enlarged and improved it. In its present state it has been much praised, and warmly recommended to the perusal of all classes of readers.

Time thus employed, and the rewards of labor thus distributed, prevent that gloom which ill health and long confinement are so apt to produce, and contribute to render Mr. Murray cheerful and happy. in a situation that many would think must be highly distressing. He appears to make the best of his condition, and to look at the bright side of the objects around him.

He is a member of the society called Quakers, and is much respected and esteemed by them—but in all his writings he has scrupulously avoided introducing, in any share, the peculiar tenets of the sect. On moral and religious subjects he confines himself, to the leading principles of piety and virtue, and to the general spirit and precepts of christianity. For this judicious care, as well as for the exemplary chasteness of his works, he has received particular commendation.

He married early in life, but he has no children.—Mrs. Murray is a person of great merit and respectability, and is faithfully and tenderly attached to him.

Mr. Murray is as highly distinguished by the excellence of his heart as by the powers of his mind. He is a most affectionate husband, a pleasing and instructive companion. His sentiments are liberal and refined; and the tenor of his life, in conformity with his writings, demonstrates him to be the uniform, zealous and judicious friend of virtue and piety.

EFFECTS OF LOVE.

A SINGUALR occurrence took place a few days since in the city:—the daughter of a respectable tradesman, who had fallen in love with a young man, who resided in the neighborhood, and having in vain attempted to attract his notice by placing herself in his way, at length determined upon making a public declaration of her love to his friends, and throwing herself upon their generosity and his sensibility, in hopes of obtaining her wishes. She accordingly waited upon the young man's father, and, without the least hesitation or embarrassment, revealed her passion in the most tender and pathetic way; adding, that if Mr. D. could be prevailed upon to accept her for a wife, a life of love, gratitude and affectionate concern for his interest, should repay him for his condescension.

The father was astonished at the singularity of the application, and having no reason to doubt the virtue and character of the young lady, was wholly at a loss how to act. He was about to reason with her upon the boldness and impropriety of her conduct, but she prevented him by saying, that she was fully aware that her conduct must excite surprise; but as her character was above reproach, she trusted her motives might be liberally construed, and if in that one instance she had deviated from the example of the rest of her sex, she hoped the uncommon proof she had given of the sincerity and ardor of her attachment for his son, would operate as an incentive to his forgiveness, and induce him not only to consent, but to use his influence with his son to bring about an happy union, upon which her happiness or misery depended. She then left the astonished father, observing, that she should call the next day for an answer, and in the mean time should acquaint her own parents with the visit she had made and the resolution she had formed.

The sequel to the story is, that the young lady has been threatened with a mad-house, and the young gentleman, insensible to his proffered happiness, has actually left his father's house, the better to avoid the addresses of this most enthusiastic and romantic admirer.

GALLANTRY.

THOUSANDS of women of the best hearts and finest parts have been ruined by men who approach them under the specious name of friendship. But supposing the man to have the most undoubted honor, yet his friendship to woman is often so near a-kin to love, that if she be very agreeable in her person, she will probably very soon find a lover where she wished only to meet a friend. Yet women should be warned against that weakness so common among the vain, the imagination that every man who takes particular notice of them is a lover. Nothing can expose them more to ridicule, than taking up a man on the suspicion of being their lover, when perhaps he never once thought of them in that view; and giving themselves those airs so common to silly women on such occasions.

For there is a kind of unmeaning gallantry much practised by some men, which, by those who have any discernment, will readily be found harmless. The little observances, attentions and compliments, of such men should be regarded as things of course, which they repeat to every agreeable woman of their acquaintance. There is a familiarity they are apt to assume, which a proper dignity of behavior will be easily able to check.

But there are people, whose sentiments, and particularly whose tastes, correspond naturally, like to associate together, although neither of them have the most distant view of any further connection. As this similarity of minds often gives rise to tenderness superior to what friendship demands, it will be prudent in this case to keep a watchful eye over ourselves, lest our hearts become too far engaged before we are aware of that something more than friendly partiality; and experience the unsuspected power of a too-interested attachment.

ARTFUL SENTIMENTAL LOVER.

THE man versed in the wiles of deceit puts on the mask of plausibility and virtue, and, by these means, disarms the object of his attention and apparent love of the usual administration of her prudence, lays her apprehensions asleep, and involves her in misery: misery the more inevitable, because unsuspected. For she who apprehends no danger, will not think it necessary to be always upon her guard; but will rather invite than avoid the ruin which comes under so specious and so fair a form.

One of these sentimental lovers will not scruple very seriously to assure a credulous girl, that her unparalleled merit entitles her to the adoration of the whole world: and that the universal homage of mankind is nothing more than the unavoidable tribute extorted by her charms.

But she should reflect, that he who endeavors to intoxicate her with adulation, intends one day most effectually to humble her. For an artful man has always a secret design to pay himself in future for any present sacrifice. If he has address and conduct, and the object of his pursuit much vanity, and some sensibility, he seldom fails of success; for so powerful will be his ascendency over her mind, that she will soon adopt his notions and opinions.

The lover, deeply versed in all the obliquities of fraud, and skilled to wind himself into every avenue of the heart which indiscretion has left unguarded, soon discovers on which side it is most accessible.—He avails himself of this weakness by addressing her in a language exactly consonant to her own ideas.—He attacks her with her own weapons, and opposes, if a sentimental girl, rhapsody, to sentiment.—He professes so sovereign a contempt for the paltry concerns of money, that she thinks it her duty to reward him for so generous a renunciation.—Every plea he artfully advances of his own unworthiness is considered by her as a fresh demand, that her gratitude must answer.—And she makes it a point of honor to sacrifice to him that fortune which he is too noble to regard.

These professions of humility are the common artifices of the vain, and these protestations of generosity the refuge of the rapacious.

COWPER, THE POET.

The following humorous letter of the above admired author (written previously to the publication of the first volume of his poems) will show the facility of his rhyming talents:—

TO THE REV. JOHN NEWTON.

My dear friend,

I am going to send, what, when you have read, you may scratch your head, and say, I suppose, there's nobody knows, whether what I have got, be verse or not: by the tune and time, it ought to be rhyme; but if it be, did you every see, of late or of yore, such a ditty before?

I have writ Charity, not for popularity, but as well as I cou'd in hopes to do good; and if the reviewer should say, "to be sure the gentleman's muse wears Methodist shoes, you may know by her pace, and talk about grace that she and her bard have little regard for the taste and fashions, and ruling passions, and hoydening play of the modern day;—and though she assume a borrowed plume, and now and then wear a tittering air, 'tis only her plan, to catch if she can, the giddy and gay, as they go that way, by a production on a new construction: she has baited her trap, in hopes to snap all that may come, with a sugar plum."

His opinion in this will not be amiss; 'tis what I intend my principal end, and if I succeed, and folks should read, till a few are brought to a serious thought, I shall think I am paid for all I have said, and all I have done, though I have run, many a time after a rhyme, as far as from hence to the end of my fence, and by hook or crook, write another book, If I live and am here another year.

I have heard before of a room with a floor, laid upon springs, and such like things, with so much art in every part, that when you went in you were forced to begin a minuet pace, with an air of grace, swimming about, now in and out,

with a deal of state, in a figure of eight, without pipe or string, or any such thing, and now I have writ, in a rhyming fit, what will make you dance, and as you advance, will keep you still, though against your will, dancing away, alert and gay, till you come to an end of what I have penn'd; which that you may do, ere Madam and you are quite worn out with jigging about, I take my leave; and here you receive a bow profound down to the ground, from your humble me,

W. C.

July 12, 1711.

[*From the Providence Gazette.*]

[As the public have in some of the papers been sweated with pecadillo misfortunes, you are requested to publish the following, which, if they are not real ones, *might* have been, and are every way as important as some that have actually happened.]

CASUALTIES

that like to have happened in the course of the preceding week.

1 JOHN SNICKER, an industrious wood-chopper, living in the vicinity of Providence, was desired to fell a tree of astonishing altitude. He undertook the dangerous atchievement; the oak bends beneath the repeated blows of his axe; it reclines further and further, until it falls with a crash that re-echoes through the wood. Inevitable death had befallen *John Snicker*, had not he prudently stepped aside, and avoided impending destiny. It is hoped that all his wood-chopping brethren will take caution, and not stand under a falling tree, lest they experience that fate which he so happily escaped.

2. *OLIVER ANVIL*, an honest blacksmith, was quietly at work in his shop, not thinking or dreaming of any calamity. The iron was glowing, and at last turned red beneath the intensity of the flame. He was in the very act of plucking it from the fire with his hand, when fortunately recollecting that fire would burn his fingers, he suddenly substituted the pincers. By this prudent resolution he relieved himself from two evils at once, viz. *disability and the doctor.*

3. *JAMES CARELESS* was walking the streets, intent on various things, and being almost parched with thirst, beheld a well of water at a distance. After he had arrived at the spot, he sinks the bucket, and with the cooling element refreshes his palate. Now had he plunged to the bottom after it (the well being sixty feet deep) he must have been dashed in pieces, or strangled in the water, before any assistance could have been given.—Thus do calmness, coolness and recollection, sometimes avail us, while on the *edge* of the *profoundest calamity.*

MATRIMONIAL LICENCE.

A HAPPY lover, residing in a village in Norfolk, *(Eng.)* having obtained the consent of his fair one, set off to obtain a matrimonial licence, and being unacquainted with the place, he was directed by those of whom he enquired, where a licence was to be procured, to the Clerk of the Peace's Deputy, and he returned home. The bride and bridegroom then assembled their companions, the Clergyman had arrived, and the happy man presented him with a licence, which, lo! proved to be from W. Stokes, esq. clerk of the peace, "*To kill game.*" A scene of much embarrassment ensued, and the nuptials were necessarily postponed until the mistake was rectified.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

A BRACE of lieutenants (one naval, the other a military hero) rallying and firing their *squibs* and *sallies* of the brain at each other, the red coated gentleman, taking out his pocket book, said, "I will show you what you have not seen since the conclusion of last war," and immediately produced a bank bill of £20.—"Very good," says the other, "but look, here is such a sight as you never saw in your life;" taking a paper from his side pocket, "here's a tailor's bill with a *receipt* to it."

HAIR POWDER.

HAIR POWDER was introduced by ballad singers at the fair of St. Germaine, in the year 1614. In the beginning of the reign of George I. only two ladies wore powder in their hair, and they were pointed at for their singularity. At the coronation of George II. there were only two hair dressers in London. In the year 1795, it was calculated, that there were in the kingdom of Great Britain, 50,000 hair-dressers! supposing each of them to use one pound of flour in a day,—this upon an average would amount to 18,250,000 pounds in one year, which would make 5,314,280 quartern loaves, which at only 9 pence each, amounts to £1,146,421 British money. This statement does not take in the quantity of flour used by the soldiers, or that which is consumed by those who dress their own hair.

Were such a man as Swift to write a volume of allegorical travels, he might describe the English, as a people who wear *three penny loaves* on their heads, by way of *ornament.*

AN APPROPRIATE MOTTO.

A TOBACCONIST having made a good fortune by his business, resolving to set up his carriage, consulted the late doctor Harwood respecting a proper motto; adding, that he knew he should be accused of ostentation, and laughed at by his less fortunate neighbors. Never mind that, replied the doctor, I can give you a motto that will silence them.

The carriage was started, and the words *quid rides* (why do you laugh?) appeared in conspicuous characters on the pannel. Those who understood latin, and were disposed to laugh at the new made gentleman, felt the reprimand—but the croud taking it for English, shouted as he passed, Quid rides! Quid rides!

A SPIRITED PARSON.

MR. SUCKLING a clergyman of Norfolk, having a quarrel with a neighboring gentleman, who insulted him, and at last told him, Doctor your gown is your protection,——replied, "*Though it may be mine, it shall not be yours,*" and immediately pulled it off, and threshed the aggressor.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, May 4, 1805.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the deaths of 37 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Of CONSUMPTION 11—apoplexy 1—cancer 1—convulsions 2—decay 2—decline 1—dropsy 4—dropsy in the head 1—nervous fever 1—hives 1—intoxication 1—mania 1—peripneumony 1—small-pox 2—still born 1—sudden death 2—suicide, (by laudanum) 1—whooping cough 1—worms 1—and 1 of worm fever.

Of whom 14 were men—8 women—9 boys—and 6 girls.

Of the whole number 7 were of and under the age of 1 year—2 between 1 and 2—3 between 2 and 5—1 between 5 and 10—2 between 10 and 20—3 between 20 and 30—6 between 30 and 40—4 between 40 and 50—5 between 50 and 60—2 between 60 and 70—and 2 between 70 and 80.——

A SINGULAR STRATAGEM.

A gentleman recently from Boston relates the following singular affair, which he says happened just before he left that place.——A person had been taken up and committed to prison, for passing counterfeit bills. Shortly after, a negro was taken up for some crime, and confined in the same room, but was taken sick in about a week and died.—Next day a coffin was provided, and the body of the deseased deposited in it. As people of color are generally interred in the evening, by those of their own complexion, the coffin was suffered to remain till night in the room with the money-maker. After the gaoler and those who had accompanied him had left the room, he bethought himself the present would be a most favorable opportunity to make his escape.——When all was still and safe, he took the corpse out of the coffin, and placed it in his own hammock, got into it himself, and turned the lid down carefully as before. In the evening the coffin was taken from the prison room, by four lusty negroes, and solemnly conveyed to the burying-ground. When they arrived at the grave, the coffin was set down with great care, and one of them was about to make a speech upon the death of their companion. Scarcely had he time to utter one word, before the lid of the coffin flew open, and the money-maker jumped out and made his escape, while the poor negroes, affrighted almost to distraction, run with great violence in every direction, screaming, "*De debil! de debil! de debil!*" The mistake was not discovered till next day; and the person has not been heard of since.

[*Weekly Wanderer*]

Loss of the ship Jupiter.

April 6th, in lat. 44 20, long. 49 at 8 A. M. saw several pieces of broken ice, from which at eleven the same day, we supposed ourselves entirely clear, and steering W. by N. W. E. N. E. and foggy weather. At 2 P. M. began to discover islands of ice again, and at 3 o'clock saw a large field ahead, which appeared to have no opening. We then wore ship, and kept off to the southward and eastward; continually passing small islands of ice, until 5 P. M. when we found the ice extending so far to N. and S. that we could not clear it. We then hove about, and stretched to the northward among the broken ice, till night came on, and no prospect of getting clear. We hove to under the three topsails double reefed, in hopes to have sufficient draft to keep clear of the fields of ice to leeward until day light, but found at about eleven we were drifting fast upon a large field, and were obliged to wear ship, and haul to the southward under easy sail, luffing and bearing away for the broken ice as occasion required, until half past 12, when we struck a small piece which we found had gone through the starboard bow.

We immediately riggid both pumps; and got the boats out; 38 souls, men, women and children got into the long-boat, and 8 in the yawl, and put off from the ship, which went down in about half an hour from the time she struck, having on board at the time the boats left her about 27 souls, who perished with the ship. We then shaped our course to the Westward, continually relieving the oars, and with difficulty finding a passage sufficient for the boats through the different fields of ice which we were passing during the remainder of that night, the next day and night, until about 4 o'clock P. M. on Monday the 8th having gone at the rate of nearly three miles an hour; the long boat having a studding sail set forward, and 4 oars constantly going with the yawl in tow likewise constantly rowing, as we were obliged to vary our course to find a passage. We suppose our course to have been about W. S. W. from the time the ship went down. Finding, as we had cleared the ice, a rough sea beginning to make, so that the yawl was very unsafe in tow and they not being willing to increase their number in the long-boat, we requested them to cut our painter

The long-boat immediately left us out of sight, steering N. with a fresh breeze from the South. Our situation at this time was such, that we could do nothing but let the boat keep directly before the wind, it being very squally with heavy rain, and at every sea expecting the boat must have filled until sunset, when the wind abated and the weather moderated, so that we were enabled to pull to windward, which we did from 7 o'clock until 8 on the morning of Tuesday the 9th of April inst. when we had the happiness to discover a sail to the west, which proved to be a schr. belonging to Marblehead, Henry N. Quiner, master, who took us on board his vessel, and on Wednesday the 24th day of April we arrived safe at Marblehead.

RICHARD LAW, Master.

[*The following are the names of the persons on board the ship Jupiter, capt Law, from London to this port, sunk by the ice on the 6th of April.*]

Names of persons saved in the yawl.——Richard Law, Jun. of New-York, capt. Eliab Sturtevant, of do. 1st mate, George Pierson, of do. seaman, honorable Robert Kennedy, James B. Temple, John Tappan, of Boston, James Ilbery, of London, cabin passengers.—Thomas Price, steerage passenger.

Names of those left in the long boat at sea.——Gilbert I. E. Smissaert, of Amsterdam, cabin passenger, Mr. Ashley,

wife and three daughters, Mr. Medcalf, wife and infant, Mr. Merritt, wife, and apprentice boy, James Price and mother, Isaac Paine, wife and child, George Slowman, Rachel Luff, Eleazer Wood, Mr. Mitchel and wife, James Williams, Mr. Temple's servant, two Germans, (names unknown) Thomas Williams, 2d mate, and 11 of the crew, one unknown steerage passenger.

Names of those lost in the ship.—Mrs. and Miss Merrit, Mr. Beach, wife and two children, Mr. Giles, wife and seven children, Mrs. Grange, Mrs. Leete and four children, David Brand and two sons, three persons, (names unknown) steerage passengers.

BIRTH.

At Middleboro', the lady of the Rev. Mr. Girney, of a daughter; after having lived in a married state childless more than 17 years, and having entered her 48th year.

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening last, Mr. Ward Fairchilds, of Guilford, (Conn.) to Miss Sarah Brown, of this city.

Same evening, Mr. Robert Alsop, to Miss Eliza Richards, daughter of Alexander Richards, all of this city.

On Sunday Evening, Mr. Cornelius Ederson, to Miss Susannah German, both of this city.

Mr. Samuel Wharton, of Philadelphia, to Miss Dorcas Clark, of this city.

On the 12th ult. Mr. Montgomery Hunt, to Miss Eliza Stringham, both of this city.

On Monday evening last, capt. John Darling, to Miss Eliza B. Fox, both of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, Mr. John Sedgfield, merchant, to Miss Ann M. Brasher, only daughter of Mrs. P. Brasher, of this city.

DIED,

At Lansingburgh, on Monday the 22d of April, Major James Rosekrans.

On Tuesday afternoon, Mrs. Sherry, wife of Mr. Charles Sherry.

On Wednesday morning, at Scarsdale, Westchester County, in the 71st year of his age, Miles Sherbrook, esq. merchant.

THEATRE.

For the Benefit of

MRS. MELMOTH.

ON MONDAY EVENING, May 4,

WILL BE PRESENTED,

A CELEBRATED COMEDY,

called, the

Belles' Stratagem.

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,

(NEVER PERFORMED HERE)

A Dramatic Pastoral, called,

The Generous Farmers,

OR,

A CHEAD, MEELCH, FAULTHA.

Mrs. Darley's Night.

On Wednesday Evening next, will be presented, a celebrated Comedy, in 5 acts, called,

More Ways than One.

To which will be added,

(Not performed here these 4 years,)

A COMIC OPERA,

called, The

HIGHLAND REEL.

Scales, Weights, & Measures.

ABRAHAM CARGILL,

PUBLIC SEALER OF WEIGHTS, MEASURES, SCALE BEAMS, & YARDS,

No. 250, Water-street.

Four doors West of Peck Slip;

Where he continues to carry on his Manufactory of Tin, Copper, Brass, and Sheet Iron, Ware; and keeps on hand, a general assortment of Scales, Weights, and Measures, with a variety of Japan'd, Pewter, and Hollow Ware.

N. B. Weights and Measures Adjusted and Sealed at a short notice.

W. S. TURNER,

Informs his friends and the public, that he has removed from Dey-Street to No. 15, PARK, near the Theatre; where he practices PHYSIC, *and the profession of* SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH *upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural.——His method also of* CLEANING *the* TEETH *is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel.——In the most raging* TOOTH-ACHE *his* TINCTURE *has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the* DECAY *is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting* CARIOUS TEETH *upon the most improved* CHIRURGICAL *principles is attended with infinite ease and safety.*

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 15, PARK, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, *an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from chymical knowledge It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years: and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by a constant application of it, the* TEETH *become beautifully white, the* GUMS *are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened* TEETH *are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of* TARTAR, *together with* DECAY *and* TOOTH-ACHE *prevented.*

The TINCTURE *and* POWDER *may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden-lane.*

VALUABLE INFORMATION

to those who are subject to the Tooth-ach.

BARDWELL'S Tooth-ach drops, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list.

Extract of a letter recently received.

Gentlemen,

"I had been tormented with the most excrutiating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sores, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine, the pain entirely ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to insure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

ELIZABETH CASEMORE,

No. 15, Thomas-Street, New-York."

Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's, No. 102 Water-Street, Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 438 Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's Medicine Warehouse No. 20 Bowery Lane.

Price One Dollar.

THE PRETTY COTTAGER.

AS on a pleasant hill I stood,
A cottage in the vale I view'd,
Where I had never been;
I thither went. as lost from town,
'Twas growing late, the sun was down:
I call'd to be let in.

A young and pretty cottager,
Came tripping, singing to the door,
And look'd a soul's delight,
While blushes heightened every grace:
I silence broke, I told my case,
And begg'd to stay all night.

With trembling accent came reply,
"Your suit I'm sorry to deny,
"But I am quite alone."
I urg'd distress and innocence,
While she reply'd "on no pretence!
You must not—prey begone."

'Twas overcast! a low'ring sky!
It rain'd! the whistling winds blew high;
And I to wander went;
When kind compassion seiz'd her soul,
She could not bear me thus to stroll.
She call'd and gave consent;

But me enjoin'd to give a proof
Of honor while beneath her roof,
(For virtue she could boast)
I vow'd to act the noble part,
Her would have thank'd with all my heart,
But found my heart was lost.

Her modest air her pretty face,
Her—Gods! her every charming grace,
I to the world prefer;
And if she learns to love like me,
My glory day and night shall be
The pretty cottager.

INDIAN GIRL'S LAMENTATION

OVER HER LOVER, KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

AH me, he's dead!—he not *hear*
ZANKA's voice, nor see her tear!
Cold his hand—O cold that breast,
Where me oft be warmly prest!
Cruel lightning! don't me spare—
ZANKA her love's grave would share!

How, to make his ZANKA fine,
He would seek for shells that shine!
Round my neck, how fond was I
Shells to wear to please his eye!
Cruel lightning! Lover slain—
ZANKA ne'er dress fine again!

To his ZANKA, hunting tale
He would tell, o'er hill and vale—
On the game we richly feast,
Then both retire sweet to rest.
Cruel lightning!—all is o'er—
ZANKA now can sleep no more!

TO THE
ROBIN RED BREAST.

By Langhorne.

LITTLE bird, with bosom red,
Welcome to my humble shed!
Courtly domes of high degree
Have no room for thee and me;
Pride and pleasure's fickle throng
Nothing mind an idle song.
Daily near my table steal,
While I pick my scanty meal;
Doubt not, little tho' there be,
But I'll cast a crumb to thee;
Well rewarded if I spy
Pleasure in thy glancing eye—
See thee, when thou eat'st thy fill,
Plume thy breast and wipe thy bill.
Come my feathered friend, again,
Well thou know'st the broken pane;
Ask of me thy daily store;—
Go not near AVARO's door;
Once within his iron hall,
Woful end shall thee befal,
Savage!—He would soon divest
Of its rosy plumes thy breast;
Then, with solitary joy,
Eat thee, bones and all, my boy.

From the Providence Gazette,

As some of the first characters of the present age have been sadly bedizzened in Sapphic verse, you will excuse Iohabod Beverly *for undergoing the same operation.*

WHEN, spring had melted all the snow,
And streams had not forgot to flow,
A man went forth to plow and hoe,
His name was *Ichabod Beverly.*

Tall was his form: his hair coal black,
Hung like a lynch-pin down his back,
An eel-skin kept it in its sack,
With gripe of French fraternity.

His hat was in condition sad;
Whate'er his thoughts were, good or bad,
He there recorded all he had;
Of chalk was made his memory.

He met a man (and I know who)
Says he, kind Sir, how do you do?
I'm very well; how is't with you?
I thank you, very cleverly.

Then what of him? I've told you fair
All that I know, and all I care;
If more you wish from me—then fare-
Wel to your curiosity.

N. SMITH,

Chemical Perfumer from London, at the New York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved Chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

LITERATURE.

The subscriber respectfully informs his employers and the public in general, that he will continue his School at No. 17 Bancker-Street as usual; and will open another the first of May, in that spacious, airy and beautiful House and Situation, on the corner of Grand and Orchard-Streets, now occupied by Mr. Whippo. He has employed persons to assist him in teaching, whose abilities are adequate to the task of teaching English Literature in its various branches. The subscriber will superintend both schools, and make it the top of his ambition to render instruction particularly useful to employers, and reciprocally discharge his duty in every respect relating to Science, Morality and the civil deportment of his pupils. The subscriber purposes living at the last mentioned House, and can accommodate several genteel boarders, the house being very roomy, and therewith a beautiful yard of five lots of ground covered with grass, and shaded with cherry and peach trees.

W. D. LEZELL.

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages, Indentures, Wills, Leases, Re-leases, Powers, Bonds, &c. &c. on the most reasonable terms.

No. 17, Bancker-Street, New-York.

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